

Sports Illustrated

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SPECIAL ISSUE



THE YEAR IN SPORTS





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

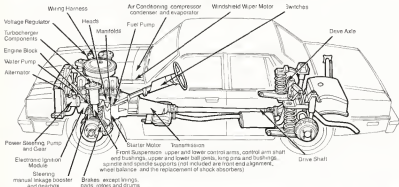
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The option that could pay for itself.



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U.S. Postal Service



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Olympic Winter Events (Available February 2)

“

They said it

DENNY CRUM, University of Louisville basketball coach, on his contract: "I'm getting \$300,000, but over 150 years."

KEN PAYNE, Philadelphia Eagle wide receiver, when told a woman sportswriter was in the dressing room: "Uh, oh, I'd better put my teeth in."

JACK LAMBERT, Pittsburgh Steeler linebacker, on Denver Broncos Quarterback Craig Morton: "I kind of like Craig Morton. I think he's an overachiever. The main reason I like him, though, is because he can't run out of the pocket."

MARVIN BARNES, sometime pro basketball forward, on how he managed to earn so many college credits while he was in prison: "There was no place I could go to cut classes."

BILL VEECK, White Sox owner, in a message to his Chicago fans: "We will scheme, connive, steal and do everything possible to win the pennant—except pay big salaries."

LEE CORSO, Indiana University football coach, who has eaten his share of chicken dinners on the postseason banquet circuit: "I no longer sleep. I roost."

ROD HUNDLEY, telecaster, recalling that he signed as a first-round NBA draft choice in 1957 for a \$10,000 salary and no bonus: "Every time I see my mother I say, 'Why didn't you wait?'"

VINCENT TRALKA, the girls' basketball coach at St. Rose High School in Belmar, N.J.: "We play a man-to-man defense. Person-to-person sounds like a phone call."

STAN MORRISON, USC basketball coach: "If you hang in there long enough and grit

your teeth hard enough, your orthodontist's bill will go up."

BOB HOPE, after a round of golf with the late George Meany: "He plays just like a union man. He negotiates the final score."

FRED AKERS, the University of Texas football coach: "Football doesn't take me away from my family life. We've always watched films together."

JASON THOMPSON, Detroit Tiger first baseman, after Manager Sparky Anderson announced a ban on jeans: "There goes my wardrobe."

ROCKY BLEIER, balding Pittsburgh Steeler running back: "I'd like the body of Jim Brown, the moves of Gale Sayers, the strength of Earl Campbell and the acceleration of O. J. Simpson. And just once I would like to run and feel the wind in my hair."

RINUS MICHELS, Los Angeles Aztec coach, estimating how many years it would take to come up with a United States citizen who's a great soccer player: "Five. That's how long it takes for naturalization. Isn't it?"

TOMMY JOHN, New York Yankee pitcher, discussing his arm surgery of five years ago: "When they operated on my arm, I asked them to put in Kourfax fastball. They did. But it turned out to be Mrs. Kourfax."

WALT MICHAELS, New York Jet coach: "Everyone has some fear. A man who has no fear belongs in a mental institution. Or on special teams."

JIM MARSHALL, on managing the Oakland A's: "It makes you rethink the importance of being in the major leagues."

MONTY CLARK, Detroit Lion coach, on Larry Csorika: "When he goes on safari, the lions roll up their windows."

MILTON BERLE: "My doctor recently told me that jogging could add years to my life. I think he was right. I feel 10 years older already."

ART MOORELL, Cleveland Browns owner, on the fact that he and other NFL bosses share TV money and gate receipts: "We're 28 Republicans who vote socialist."

FLOYD SMITH, Toronto Maple Leaf coach, after his team was tied by the expansion Edmonton Oilers: "I have nothing to say, and I'm only going to say it once."

WEEB EWBANK, former New York Jet coach, asked to assess Joe Namath's performance in a stage production of *Picnic*: "I'll have to wait until I see the films."

CLIFF PARSLEY, Houston Oilers punter, on kicking specialists' salaries: "People think our income is much greater than it really is. I'm barely making enough to pay off my Cadillac."

JIM ZORN, Seattle Seahawks quarterback, on his research into names for a first child: "If it's a boy, my neighbors have some friends who want me to name him Bjorn, so the headlines could read 'Bjorn Zorn born.'"

JACK MCCLOSKEY, Indiana Pacer assistant coach, after the team released Ann Meyers: "She gave me a little peck on the cheek and a hug. It meant a lot. I'd never gotten a kiss from a player who got cut."

OAK PASTORINI, Houston Oilers quarterback, on what it's like to hand off to Earl Campbell: "Comforting."

”



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This almost turned into a real disaster.

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 13, 1980 VOLUME 52, NO. 11

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THE YEAR
WINTER OLYMPICS
PRO FOOTBALL
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
BASEBALL
HOCKEY
BOXING
THE GOLDEN MILE
TRACK & FIELD
PRO BASKETBALL
TENNIS
MOTOR SPORTS
SWIMMING
COLLEGE BASKETBALL
HORSE RACING
GOLF
GALLERY

THE YEAR IN SPORTS

Horace—the Roman poet, not the guy who used to play second base for the Yankees—wrote: “Think to yourself that every day is your last; the hour to which you do not look forward will come as a welcome surprise.”

Horace put down those words nearly two thousand years before the fortune cookie, but what he meant was this: forget the point spread for a minute; observe sports with a little more wonder and a little less cynicism. Remember, the world is deep in wise guys. Try saying, “Boy, I sure don’t envy the refer-

ee having to make that call on Renfro,” rather than, “That zebra must be from Pittsburgh.” Or, “I didn’t know there were marshmallow salesmen,” instead of, “I knew Billy Martin would get in trouble.”

Granted, that’s reading an awful lot into a few words of Horace, himself one of the original wise guys. But if ever a sports year deserved our surprise and, indeed, our wonder, it was the one just past. There were enough marvels in those 12 months to fill a decade. Who could have known, for instance, that none of the four division champions in baseball would repeat and all but one of them would fire their managers? Who would have thought Pennsylvania would make the

NCAA Final Four in basketball or that Ohio State would almost win the national title in football by passing? Some of the surprises occurred suddenly, like Coastal proving in the Belmont that Spectacular Bid was, well, equine, and some evolved over the course of the year, like Jack Nicklaus finishing 71st on the PGA money list. Declare that the lowly San Francisco 49ers will be in next year’s NFC title game, and you’ll get the same look you would have gotten last year had you proclaimed that Tampa Bay had a chance at the Super Bowl.

The most wonderful surprise was saved for last. At the Winter Olympics, the U.S., a prohibitive underdog, upended the Soviet Union’s All-Planet hockey team, and the whole country went along on their joy ride. You will note that the headline on page S3 describes the Soviets as “The best in all the world.” Because that page went to press before the Olympics began, we offer a footnote here: “Until Feb. 22,” Horace would have loved it.

Along with the surprises

came new faces, some of them startlingly youthful. World records were broken by Mary T. Meagher, 14, in the butterfly, and by Candy Young, 16, in the hurdles. Tracy Austin, 16, gave her elders a tennis lesson by winning the U.S. Open, while a 14-year-old named Andrea Jaeger was reminding people of the young Tracy. And then, of course, America was introduced to Eric Heiden, 21.

Some of the older faces began to fade. Muhammad Ali left the ring—perhaps for good this time. One O.J., Orenthal James Simpson, carried the ball his last yard, and another O.J., Otis Jerome Anderson, ran for 1,605 yards in his first year in the NFL. Fathers like Richard Petty and Gordie Howe were hanging around so that they could pass their mantles to their sons. As the fortune cookie says, the order changes.

Speaking of things Chinese, 1979 was the Year of the Ram, which is the only sensible reason for Los Angeles leading Pittsburgh in the fourth quarter of the Super Bowl. If you're looking for any more reasons to be amazed, consider Vince Ferragamo's meteoric rise from backup quarterback to matinee idol.

The year also brought us to the full appreciation of two superlative baseball

players, Willie Stargell and Thurman Munson, one in triumph and the other in tragedy.

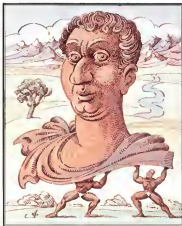
Records are always a pleasure to report, and there were eight world marks established in swimming and 26 in track and field. The most remarkable record-setter was Sebastian Coe, who broke the 800-meter, mile and 1,500 marks within a 42-day span. The English Channel was the scene of two extraordinary achievements. One of them belonged to Bryan

Allen, the pilot and engine of the Gossamer Albatross, the first man-powered aircraft to cross the Channel. Doc Counsilman selected another way to get from England to France, and at 58 he became the oldest person to swim the Channel.

All the records, all the faces, all the marvels serve as a reminder of something else Horace said: "No ascent is too steep for mortals. Heaven itself we seek in our folly." Or, in other words, nothing is a lock.

—STEVE WULF

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALOORN



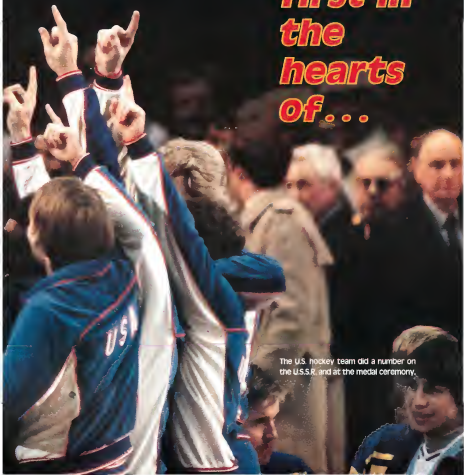
Horace says that the year's sports were no bust.



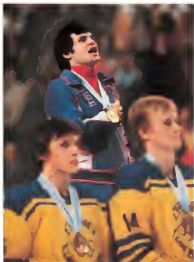
WINTER OLYMPICS

***And
first in
the
hearts
of...***

The U.S. hockey team did a number on the U.S.S.R. and at the medal ceremony.



The U.S. hockey team wasn't given a snowball's chance in—well, Lake Placid—but that was before the Americans tied Sweden 2-2 in the last seconds and then scored a preposterous 7-3 victory over Czechoslovakia. After three more wins, the team too young to know any better advanced to the medal round to face the fearsome Soviet Union. But with Goalie Jim Craig stopping shot after shot and the crowd chanting "U.S.A! U.S.A.!" the Americans did the impossible, rallying three times to win 4-3. The gold medal came 48 hours later with a 4-2 win over Finland, but the Soviet game was like a frozen dream. "I still can't believe it," said top scorer Mark Johnson. Neither could the people dancing in the streets.



Captain Mike Eruzione gave a banner performance

Outside the Olympic arena, fans screamed till they were red, white and blue in the face.





Mark Johnson's goal at the end of the first period tied the score at 2-2 and sent Soviet Goale Vladislav Tretjak into exile



Steve Christoff and Johnson finished off the Finns with this final goal



These unidentified flying objects at Mount Van Heuvenberg were actually a close encounter of the two-man luge kind



Annemarie Moser-Pröll got a Whiteface facial



Denise Biellmann of Switzerland had a leg up on the short program with a move named after her.

Odd Sørli of Norway left a wake of snow as he attacked the mountain in the giant slalom.





Speed skater Ria Visser of Holland took a bad tumble in the 5,000 meters, but a silver medal in the 1,500 was some consolation





This Colonial file and drum corps from the 3rd U.S. Infantry helped ring in the Lake Placid Games

THE U.S. WAS TWICE AS NICE ON ICE

Once upon a time in Madison, Wis., there were two boys who played hockey on the same line of a Pee-wee League team. One, the center, was named Mark Johnson, and he grew up to lead the U.S. team to a fairy-tale finish in the 1980 Winter Olympics. The other, the right wing, eventually gave up hockey and took up speed skating. His name was Eric Heiden. He also did the unbelievable at Lake Placid, winning a record five gold medals at distances ranging from 500 to 10,000 meters. The night before his last and longest race, Heiden exercised his lungs cheering his old linemate to victory against the Soviets, and he left the arena, U.S. Speed Skating Coach Dianne Holum said, "thinking he could conquer the world." Which is what he did the next day, lopping 6.20 seconds off the world record of 14:34.33.

Other stories had not-so-happy endings. Americans Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner had to pull out of the pairs figure skating competition at the last minute because of a severely pulled groin muscle incurred by Gardner in practice. That left the gold to Inna Rodnina and Aleksandr Zaitsev of the Soviet Union and the tears to Babilonia. The best hope of the U.S. in women's figure skating, Linda Fratianne, was in second place entering the freestyle finals, and she put on a dazzling performance that rated 5.8s and 5.9s, but it wasn't enough to catch leader Anett Pöttsch of East Germany.

The hills would have been alive with the sounds of Liechtenstein's national anthem, had there been one. The tiny country, which had to borrow Great Britain's *God Save the Queen* for the awards ceremonies, won four medals in Alpine skiing, all by the Wenzel family. Hanni won the women's giant slalom and slalom and finished second in the downhill to Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll, who finally got a gold medal to go along with her six World Cups. Ingemar Stenmark of Sweden also won his long-overdue gold by edging Andreas Wenzel in the giant slalom. Then Stenmark overtook Phil Mahre of the U.S. on the second run to win the slalom. Mahre's silver was especially sterling because he was coming off a broken ankle sustained on Whiteface 11 months before. ■

Eric Heiden's smile told the world that he had struck a mother lode.



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Test Sense — *Motor*

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— *Juustelä*

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— *Morgen Posten*

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Most Successful
Foreign Car — *Motor*

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26 EPA
EST.
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38 HWY.
EST.
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Now compare these estimates to other German imports. Actual



Yugoslavia 1977
Car of the Year
— *Automotive Writers*

estimates will be lower. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower.

mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. California estimates will be lower. Actual

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Great Britain 1978
Design Council Award



Spain 1977
Car of the Year
— *Criterium*

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PRO FOOTBALL

Ding-dong year



for Tampa Bay

Ricky Bell turned the rain to sunshine
for the Bucs, ringing up 1,265 yards.

The new play hadn't worked in practice, so it's no wonder Terry Bradshaw wasn't too crazy about it. But with the Steelers trailing the Rams 19-17 early in the fourth quarter of Super Bowl XIV and standing third-and-eight on their own 27, Bradshaw called "60 Prevent Slot Hook and Go." Wide Receiver John Stallworth faked a hook, turned and sprinted deep. Bradshaw lofted a pass just beyond Cornerback Rod Perry's reach, and Stallworth was gone, 73 yards to the touchdown that put Pittsburgh ahead to stay. The 31-19 outcome wasn't at all surprising, but the Rams were. "Anyone who calls us dogs," Jack Youngblood declared, "well, let him call me that to my face." There were no takers.



Coach Chuck Noll was, er, joyous after winning XIV

The moment of truth: Perry just missed the ball, and Stallworth gathered it in for the victory.





Joe Greene did a mean job of blocking Vince Ferragamo's view (above).
Wendell Tyler held onto the ball despite constant licks by the Steelers.



The Bucs completed only four passes on L.A.; Nolan Cromwell tipped this one.





Roger Staubach knew time was running out on the Cowboys' chances



O. J. Simpson walked south from San Francisco, heading for Hollywood.



Earl Campbell was even better than he was in '76, rushing for 1,637 yards and 19 TDs, but a groin injury kept him from being a factor in the playoffs.

THE BUCS JUST DIDN'T STOP

The Pittsburgh Steelers won the Super Bowl. So what else was new? Well, four-year-old Tampa Bay, a team that lost its first 26 games ever, finished 10-6 to win the NFC Central Division. The Buccaneers arrived thanks to an offense that Coach John McKay built around Running Back Ricky Bell, a defense anchored by End Lee Roy Selmon and a schedule designed to perk up last-place teams. Tampa Bay might have made it to Super Bowl XIV but for the equally astonishing Los Angeles Rams. At one point during their soap-operaic season, the Rams were 5-6 and Owner Georgia Rosenbloom was suggesting to endangered Coach Ray Malavasi that he make a wishbone quarterback out of Safety Nolan Cromwell. L.A. did change quarterbacks, but only after Pat Haden broke his pinkie and was replaced by Vince Ferragamo. Ferragamo led the Rams haltingly into the playoffs, but was unstoppable in the postseason opener, throwing three touchdown passes in a 21-19 defeat of Dallas. In the NFC championship, Los Angeles beat Tampa Bay 9-0 in a game not suitable for framing.

Houston limped into the playoffs without its arm, Dan Pastorini, and its legs, Earl Campbell. On heart alone, the Oilers beat Denver 13-7 in the wild-card game. Then the Oilers stole San Diego blind; Vernon Perry intercepted Dan Fouts four times as the Houston coaches decoded the hand signals the Chargers used to send plays in to Fouts. The AFC Championship Game will be remembered for The Call—or Non-call. Trailing Pittsburgh 17-10 in the third quarter, Pastorini passed to Mike Renfro in the end zone corner for what seemed to be a six-yard touchdown. After a summit conference, the referee ruled that Renfro had had "no possession," which also applied to the AFC title so far as the Oilers were concerned. The statistical stars of 1979 were Campbell, who rushed for 1,697 yards, and Fouts, who threw for an NFL-record 4,082 yards. The top rookie was Otis Anderson of St. Louis, who gained 1,605 yards on the ground. Two familiar names bowed out: Viking Defensive End Jim Marshall, 42, after starting an incredible 302 straight games, and O. J. Simpson, 32, the premier running back of the decade. ■

Phyllis Wanger was Pom Pom Mom of the Rams' Embraceable Ewies





Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT HEALTH CARE COST PROBLEMS. WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR A FEW SOLUTIONS.



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THAT'S WHERE WE CAN
MAKE THE BIGGEST
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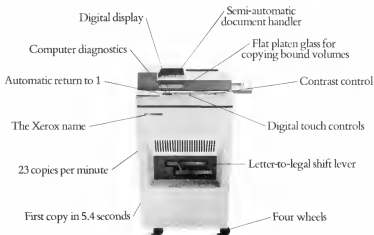
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A full-page action photograph from a college football game. In the foreground, a player in a white jersey with red and yellow accents is being tackled by a player in a red jersey. Another player in a white jersey with the number 8 is visible. The background is a large, out-of-focus crowd of spectators.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

White's poll vault boosted 'Bama

USC's Charles White flips over from the one for the TD that beat Ohio State 17-16 in the Rose Bowl.

With 5:21 to play in the Rose Bowl and only the national championship at stake, the Heisman Trophy came trotting out onto the field. Charles White and his USC teammates were trailing Ohio State 16-10, 83 yards from a touchdown. White, who had run well all day despite having the flu, was just going to have to carry the load. And he did. He rushed six times for 71 yards, finally hurtling over from the one with 1:32 left. "We all ought to sit down and say that was one of the great football games," said USC Coach John Robinson. The folks in Alabama couldn't have agreed more. Because the Rose Bowl was so close, AP and UPI voters decided to give the top spot to the Crimson Tide.



LSU Coach Charlie McClinton was fired.

Michigan's Stan Edwards got caught in the Notre Dame defense's squeeze play.



Oklahoma Quarterback Julius Caesar Watts demanded tribute after conquering Nebraska 20-17.





Schlichter's a good bet for the '80 Heisman



Hosea Taylor blocked Arkansas' try at a tie



Clawed constantly by the Louisiana State defense, White still gained 185 yards to help USC escape from Tiger Stadium with a 17-12 victory.



Watts pitches to Billy Sims for the 34 yard touchdown play that capped the Sooners' 24-7 Orange Bowl win

Steve Whitman's running helped Alabama to a 24-9 Sugar Bowl triumph—and the national title



Sub Terry Eason was the Cotton Bowl hero.

IT WAS A RED-LETTER DAY

This information comes too late to help those of you who blamed it on the night before, but the reason you kept seeing red on New Year's Day is that all eight teams in the big bowls were dressed in that color. To be more specific, three wore scarlet, two crimson, two cardinal, and one garnet. Needless to say, half of them were blue by the end of the day. Saddest of all was previously unbeaten Ohio State, which could have locked up the No. 1 spot by winning the Rose Bowl. These were not the Buckeyes of yore. Gone were Woody Hayes and his cloud-of-dust offense, on came the more congenial Earle Bruce and his sophomore passer Art Schlichter. Their opponent, USC, was thought by many to be the nation's best team, though a tie with Stanford smudged its record. The Trojans had a terrific quarterback, too, in Paul McDonald, and the nation's leading ground-gainer in Charles White. True to form, Schlichter passed for 289 yards and White ran for a Rose-record 247, but in the end it came down to this: Ohio State didn't score from the one, and USC did.

A few hours earlier, Alabama had staked its claim to the national title in the Sugar Bowl. The Tide had been chided all season for having a soft schedule, but 10-1 Arkansas offered Bear Bryant's team the opportunity to prove it could beat a good club. The Tide was up to the task, winning 24-9 to give Bryant his first undisputed national championship since 1964. Houston had been living dangerously all season—it beat Arkansas 13-10 only because Tackle Hosea Taylor used his head to block a field goal by Ismael (Call Me Ish) Ordonez with four seconds to play. The Cotton Bowl was no less exciting as Houston's backup quarterback, Terry Elston, hit Eric Herring with a tipped, six-yard TD pass with 12 seconds left to beat Nebraska 17-14. In the Orange Bowl, Oklahoma ended Florida State's impossible dream of getting named No. 1, 24-7. Wake Forest and Arizona State both turned their fortunes around: The Deacons went from one win to eight and a bowl bid, and ASU forfeited all of its victories as the result of a grading scandal after dismissing Coach Frank Kush for trying to cover up the fact that he hit a player. ■

This Ohio State cheerleader showed some cheek at the Michigan game





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BASEBALL

***He gave
the
Orioles
the
willies***

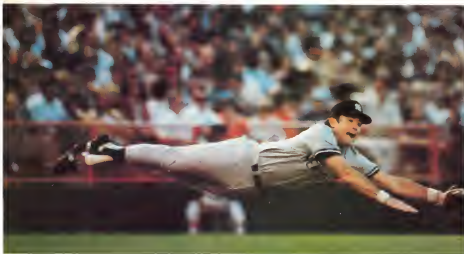
Arms and the man, Pops Stargell loomed large in the playoffs and World Series.



Down three games to one, the Pirates had rallied to tie the World Series at 3-3, but now the Orioles led again, 1-0, in the sixth inning of Game 7. With a man on base, Scott McGregor delivered a low curve to Pittsburgh patriarch Willie Stargell. Stargell sent the ball sailing off into the night. Rightfielder Ken Singleton made a desperate leap, but it was gone. As he hung on the fence, Singleton seemed to realize the Series was out of reach, too. Stargell, who batted .400 with three homers, was the overwhelming choice as MVP. Holding a bottle of Robert Mondavi Chardonnay—a white that goes very nicely with championships—Stargell echoed the big song of the season, "We're just a ball club that is a family."



Carl Yastrzemski, age 40, was sitting in the cardinal seat after finally collecting hit No. 3,000.



Third Baseman Graig Nettles makes a valiant lunge at a liner, but the Yankees don't even come this close, finishing 13½ games behind Baltimore.



Lou Brock, 40, got No. 3,000 in his last season

You're safe! Philadelphia's Rudy Neck slides in under the leaping Cub shortstop, Ivan DeJesus





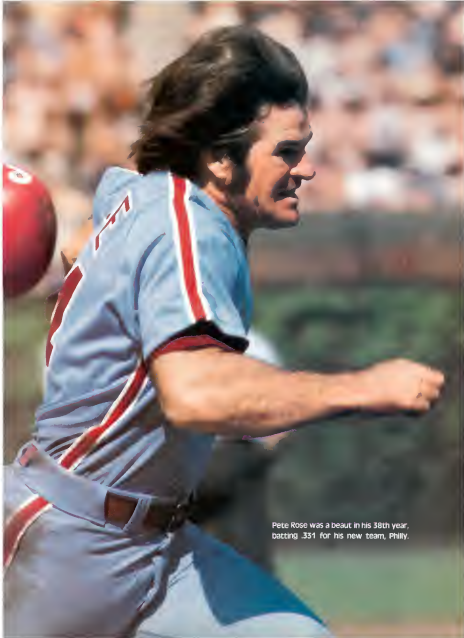
Down went the Orioles, and up went the relief sensation, Kerr Tekulve



Angel Shortstop Jim Anderson can't seem to get a grip on things

Steve Nicosia tags Ken Singleton in the rain, but it was Pittsburgh that was all wet that night: the Orioles won 8-4 to go ahead 2-1 in the Series





Pete Rose was a beaut in his 38th year, batting .331 for his new team, Philly.



Why is this man smiling? Boston finished third with Don Zimmer



Eddie Murray's bat, shattered here against the Yanks, was a bust in the Series, during which he went hitless his last 21 times up

The 1980 Mazda GLC Custom

Just one look is all it takes to see the great value of the Mazda GLC versus Rabbit, Chevette or Civic.

The Mazda GLC. One look at the price after one look at the car is enough to change how you look at any economy car. You may very well find yourself measuring the other cars in GLC's class by GLC standards.

Sit down in the roomy, newly-styled GLC and you certainly don't feel like you're in a car that costs \$4095*. Its outstanding combination of interior comfort, ride, and quality of workmanship is nothing short of amazing.



The new 3-door GLC Custom hatchback (below) comes with a whole array of features you'd think cost extra. Which is no sur-

prise, really, because the GLC is an uncommon economy car.

The whole idea of the GLC, you see, is that it refuses to sacrifice one quality for another. It blends great fuel economy with great versatility, superior performance and clean design.

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The more you look at GLC Custom standard features, the more value you see.

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Options on GLC Custom include 5-speed (standard on 5-door Hatchback in Calif.), 3-speed automatic and Convenience Group.

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 3-door GLC Custom Hatchback shown. Actual prices established by dealer. Tax, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. All prices subject to change without notice.

*EPA estimates for comparison purposes for 3-door GLC Custom with 4-speed transmission. This mileage may get more vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather and trip length. The actual highway mileage is probably less.

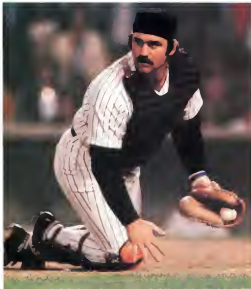
mazda

The more you look,
the more you like.



GOLDEN OLDIES ON THE HIT PARADE

A sight that will be missed—Yankee Thurman Munson blocking home.



Whatever happened to the Yankees, Phillies, Royals and Dodgers? Well, the winners of 11 of the previous 12 division titles finished a collective 42 games out of first place in 1979. They all had their aches, but the Yankees led the majors in misfortune. The manager who replaced Billy Martin, Bob Lemon, was replaced by ... Billy Martin, who was later fired for roasting a marshmallow salesman. New York was well out of the chase when its All-Star catcher, Thurman Munson, was killed in a plane crash. Philadelphia bought Pete Rose in hope of finally winning the World Series. Rose paid off, passing Ty Cobb for the most 200-hit seasons (10), but the Phillies seemed to cash in their chips in one afternoon at Wrigley Field, where they beat the Cubs 23-22 in May. Thereafter they quickly plunged from first to fourth. Los Angeles and Kansas City simply unraveled.

With cabdriver Wild Bill Hagy body-spelling O-R-L-E-S on the dugout roof, Baltimore finished with the best record in baseball, 102-57. The Pirates, dancing to the relentless *We Are Family*, fought off the surprising Expos. The Reds weren't the same without Rose and Sparky Anderson—they were even better, winning the National League West with a new third baseman, Ray Knight, who hit .318, and a new manager, John McNamara. California owner Gene Autry at last rode off into the American League West sunset with a winner, thanks in large part to league MVP Don Baylor, who drove in 139 runs. Both the Reds and Angels fell swiftly in the playoffs.

It was a golden year for the oldies. Lou Brock and Carl Yastrzemski did their 3,000th-hit numbers, the aging Niekro brothers—Phil of Atlanta and Joe of Houston—won 20 apiece, and Manny Mota, 41, retired as baseball's all-time leading pinchhitter, with 147. Then there was Stargell, who shared the National League MVP with batting leader (.344) Keith Hernandez of St. Louis. Cub Dave Kingman konged 48 homers to lead the majors. The Cy Young Awards went to Baltimore's Mike Flanagan (23-9) and Chicago Reliever Bruce Sutter (37 saves). On the labor front, baseball's umpires took an intentional walk, returning 45 days into the season. ■

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in all
the
world***

As Vasilev (left) and Mikhalov hoisted the Challenge Cup, the NHL blushed red.

AND ANOTHER CUP FOR MONTREAL

New York, New York: Ranger fans join in the bedlam as Islanders face



The three Challenge Cup games in New York's Madison Square Garden, billed as the "Series of the Century," were the embarrassment of the year for the NHL. After the Soviet National Team humbled the league's all-stars 6-0 in the rubber game of the series, nobody could argue with the brief assessment of victorious Captain Boris Mikhailov, who said, "Soviets one, Kanadski two." The Kanadskis had no excuses. They were playing with their best on familiar ice in the middle of their season. The Soviets lost the first game 4-2 and spotted the NHL a two-goal lead in the second before rallying for a 5-4 win. When the NHL tried muscle, the Soviets answered with goals, and in the end they proved themselves superior skaters, uncanny passers and the best hockey players in the world.

In local news, Montreal won the Stanley Cup, which might have been no news because it was the Canadiens' fourth Cup in a row and sixth of the decade. But in the semis the Habs needed a seventh-game overtime goal to beat the Bruins and move into the finals against the wrong New York team. The Islanders were supposed to be there—they were the first team in six years to finish the season with more points than the Canadiens (116-115)—but they were derailed in six games by the Rangers, who held the record-setting (151 goals) line of NHL scoring champ and MVP Bryan Trottier, 69-goal man Mike Bossy and digger Clark Gillies to two goals and two assists. The Rangers looked as if they might be able to cast the same fog over the Canadiens when New York won the first game of the finals 4-1 in Montreal. But a slap shot that KO'd starting Goalie Bunny Larocque in the warmup before the second game seemed to knock some sense into the Canadiens, and they swept the next four. The heroes for Montreal were Left Wing Bob Gainey, who excelled on defense even while getting three goals and two assists, and Goalie Ken Dryden, who recovered from the boos of the first game in what proved to be his last hurrah—he retired after the playoffs. And it was goodbye, world, for the WHA, which folded after seven seasons and provided the NHL with four new franchises. ■



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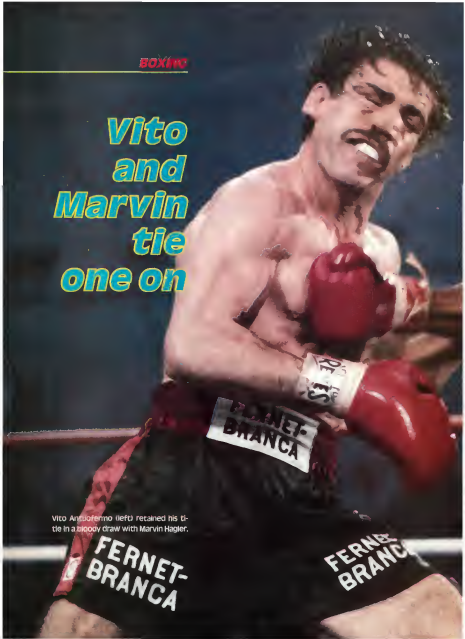
BOXING

Vito and Marvin tie one on

Vito Antuofermo (left) retained his title in a bloody draw with Marvin Hagler.

**FERNET-
BRANCA**

**FERNET-
BRANCA**





The end of the journey came with only six seconds to go in the 15th round. Earlier in the round a left uppercut to the chin had dropped Wilfred Benitez, and two more punches persuaded the referee to stop the bout. At age 23, Sugar Ray Leonard became the WBC welter-weight champion, three years and 26 fights after becoming a gold-medal winner and national hero at the Montreal Olympics. As Trainer Janks Morton hoisted Leonard in triumph, Sugar Ray's countenance glowed with pride and joy. Not that Leonard didn't know he'd been in a fight—"I kind of felt like Rocky," he said later. His next destination? Possibly a match with former lightweight-champion-turned-welterweight Roberto Duran.



How sweet it is: Sugar Ray on top of the world.





How sour it turns- Gerrie Coetzee KO's former heavyweight champ Leon Spinks in the first round



Marvin Johnson (left) stashes away a title



Larry Holmes gets a heavy hug as WBC champ

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ALI PUNCHED HIMSELF OUT

For the first time in 15 years, boxing didn't have Muhammad Ali in its corner. But while the retired champ was off peddling roach condos, the manly art managed to go the distance quite nicely. There was even significant action in the heavyweight ranks. In Las Vegas, Larry Holmes, defending his WBC title for the fourth time, climbed off the floor in the seventh round after being dlobbered by one of Earle Shavers' famed rights and went on to win on a TKO in the 11th round. The WBA held eliminations to determine Ali's successor, and Big John Tate bulldozed through two South Africans, Kallie Knoetze and Gerrie Coetzee, on their home turf to earn the crown. The Leon Spinks saga—emphasis on sag—continued as Coetzee knocked out the former champ in the first round of their elimination fight. Only those who cherish the memory of Primo Camera could fully savor the heavyweight debut of Ed (Too Bad He Gave Up Pro Football) Jones.

Boxing's biggest night of the year came on Nov. 30 when ABC presented three championships for the price of one. In a preliminary to the Sugar Ray Leonard-Wilfred Benitez fight in Las Vegas, Vito Antuofermo, the former sausage grinder from Brooklyn (via Italy) with a map of the borough on his visage, retained his middleweight title in a draw that was unpopular with many, especially favored challenger Marvin Hagler. In the other championship bout, staged in New Orleans, Victor Galindez of Argentina proved that in the course of a year he could 1) lose his WBA light-heavyweight title to Mike Rossman, 2) pull out of a rematch at the last minute, 3) regain his crown from Rossman, and 4) lose it again—this time to Marvin Johnson on an 11th-round K.O. Johnson once held the WBC title, but lost it to Matthew Saad Muhammad, who was formerly Matt Franklin. If all that sounds confusing, that's because it is. Everything seemed clear in the lower weights, where Wilfredo Gomez, the WBC super bantamweight champ, and Danny Lopez, the WBC featherweight titleholder, continued to knock out challengers—until Salvador Sanchez of Mexico stopped Lopez and threw the flea circus into confusion, too. ■

Big John Tate fought unflinchingly for the Stars and Stripes overseas.





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The Golden Mile: The torch is passed

The streams of talent and preparation and resolve that would converge in Oslo at twilight on July 17, 1979, arose in improbable springs located across the world. One began in a desert. In 1978 the Arab emirate of Dubai, population 207,000, which rests on a sheik's ransom of oil at the south end of the Persian Gulf, abandoned the idea of hosting a major international track meet in its extreme climate. Instead, it donated \$400,000 to the International Amateur Athletic Federation to use for coaching clinics. In return the IAAF agreed to stage eight world-class "Golden" events in Dubai's name in selected meets over the next three years.

On a mild, midsummer's evening, Sebastian Coe took the world record in the mile from John Walker. The author traces the threads of motive and commitment that led to Oslo

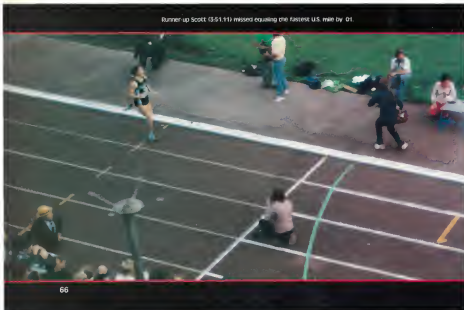
by **KENNY MOORE**

The first was a hurriedly arranged mile in Tokyo in September 1978. England's Steve Ovett won a tactical race with a 300-meter kick

in 3:55.5. Steve Scott of the U.S., by then exhausted from a year of almost uninterrupted racing, finished fourth in 4:01.1. It would not be too strong to say that Scott's first thoughts after the race were of revenge. "The IAAF said then that there would be another mile in July, in Oslo," says Scott. "I wanted Ovett again, when I was ready for him. I knew that he only races a few places each year. I figured how could he not show up for this race next season, to defend his title?"

So Scott sat down with Len Miller, his coach at the

Runner-up Scott (3:51.11) missed equalling the fastest U.S. mile by .01.



University of California at Irvine, from which Scott had just graduated, and planned a training and racing schedule that would have him at a peak in mid-July. Now he would not have to run one or two races every weekend, as a member of a collegiate track team must. It would be the year before the Olympics. "A year to run with the idea of finding out what you can do," said Scott.

In New Zealand that winter, John Walker knew what he could do—or, at least, what he had once done. He was the 1976 Olympic 1,500-meter champion and the world-record holder in the mile, having run his historic 3:49.4 in 1975, in Göteborg, Sweden. Walker's fear now was that never again would he approach that time.

Thickly muscled at 6'1" and 170 pounds, Walker had seemed to usher in a new age of miling. When he won in Montreal and Cuba's 6'2", 185-pound stallion, Alberto Juantorena, ran the 800 meters there in a world-record 1:43.5, the day of the whippet-slender middle-distance runner, like the U.S.'s Rick Wohlhuter, was judged over. But after the Olympics, Walker's stiff, heavily fibrosed leg muscles began to betray him. For years he had run with inflamed Achilles tendons, but now he experienced a gripping pain in his calves whenever he ran

longer than 30 minutes. The membrane surrounding his calf muscles was growing more rigid, keeping the muscles, which became engorged with blood under the strain of running, from expanding within their sheaths. Surgery was only partially successful.

Rather than consider retirement, Walker changed his training. If he could only run half an hour at a time, then he would run one hell of a half hour. And he would do it as many as three times a day. In January 1979, after a few months of this work, he decided to test himself at the Muhammad Ali Indoor meet in Long Beach, Calif. After following Paul Cummings' aggressive pace, Walker burst past him on the last lap and set a world indoor 1,500-meter record of 3:37.4. He was enormously relieved, because he had almost unconsciously come to embody the wishes of his 3,000,000 running-mad countrymen. "There are still pressures from holding the world record," he said. "The mile has become a traditional event, and everyone has some vague knowledge of it. If you broke four minutes you were a pretty good runner, but once I got under 3:50, people began ooh-ing and gurgling."

Walker, once thought by some rivals to be amus-

continued

As Coe floated to the tape, he looked as if he could race another lap.



ingly transparent. In his self-regard, was maturing. "Now that I have the gold medal and the world record, I think I get a richer kind of enjoyment from my running," he said. "In 1975 and 1976 I was striving for perfection. Now I go out to race still with a will to win, but not with the inclination to set records." When an invitation to run a Golden Mile in Oslo was forwarded to Walker, he was quick to accept. "The instincts are the same," he said. "I'll take on anyone, anywhere."

In the winter of 1979 Eamonn Coghlan, the pride of Ireland, proved himself the finest indoor miler the world had ever seen. In San Diego in February he shattered the indoor record by 2.3 seconds by running 3:52.6. Scott was second in 3:54.1 and Wisconsin's Steve Lacy third in 3:54.7. Yet during the outdoor season Coghlan planned to explore a new distance, 5,000 meters. "It will serve two purposes," he said, "to improve my stamina and to discover how I'll fare against the good 5,000 guys. That may even turn out to be my best event." Coghlan and his coach, Gerry Farnan, picked as a goal the winning of the British 5,000-meter championship, to be held in London on July 14, 1979, just three days before the Oslo mile. Thus, when contacted about running the latter, he held off.

As the year advanced, the IAAF assigned the organization of the Oslo race to promoters Andy Norman of England and Arne Haukvik of Norway. The international body ordered all its national affiliates to make their best milers available should they be invited. West Germany pledged Dr. Thomas Wessinghage, the European record holder at 3:52.5. Japan would send Takashi Ishii, a high school teacher with a best of 3:59.7. Australia selected Ken Hall, who had pushed Walker to his 3:49.4 with a 3:55.2.

As Scott had hoped, Ovett accepted his invitation, six weeks before the race. Ovett had won the 1977 World Cup 1,500 in 3:34.5 with a prodigious sprint over the last 300 meters and had been unbeaten at a mile or 1,500 since. He was the 1978 European champion in the 1,500, having defeated Coghlan and Wessinghage. Ovett seemed to have the widest range of running abilities ever combined in one man. He had sprinted

200 meters in 21.7 and run a half-marathon in 1:05.38. That he had not set a world record in the mile he explained by saying that he races against men, not clocks. If a record were necessary to win, he was capable of one, as he had shown in 1978 in London, when he had set a world two-mile record of 8:13.5 in beating Henry Rono of Kenya.

A rigorously private man, Ovett had on occasion spoken with a prickly candor. "The British athletics press has this lazy, imperious attitude toward the athletes," he said early in 1979. "We run our guts out on the track, and if we've pleased them enough, we get a demand to attend the press box interview room, like a royal command. But if we don't say what they expect us to say, or we offend their sense of patriotism, we get branded as arrogant." By 1979 Ovett had long been so branded. Unmoved, he carried on with three workouts a day over the rolling Sussex downs near his Brighton home.

Graham Williamson of Glasgow, Scotland, only 19, had a best of 3:55.8 and had been third in the first Golden Mile the year before. For seven months Williamson had had a tentative invitation to Oslo, but there had been no confirmation. It appeared that with Ovett and Walker and Scott in the race, the promoters were waiting until the last moment to complete the field. They wanted the fittest runners and, because NBC-TV had bought rights

to the race, a few Americans. "All year I'd been planning to make this race the peak of my year," says Williamson. "I arranged three weeks of training at altitude in Colorado as final preparation." He returned to Scotland 12 days before the race. "My training was going badly when I got home. One afternoon a week before the race I was out doing four miles, and everything clicked." That was the day that Norman called. "You're in," he said.

Others kept waiting were John Robson of Scotland and Dave Moorcroft of England, the Commonwealth Games' 1,500-meter champion. Robson wasn't invited until after he'd finished third in the British 1,500 on July 14—three days before the Golden Mile. Moorcroft, who was fighting a hamstring injury and a bad cold,



At the awards ceremony, Coe put the lid on his big day.

continued

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didn't know whether to go to Oslo or not once he had been made welcome. "I wasn't in the correct frame of mind," he says. "I was feeling sorry for myself. Finally I decided to go out to the race with my wife. But even then I was not sure about running."

Steve Lacy and Craig Masback were two Americans who suspected they had been invited to satisfy NBC. Masback had just completed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was a doctoral candidate in political science. In those years, training no more than 40 miles per week, he had cut his mile time from 4:01.8 to 3:54.7. Despite a furious spate of six races in eight days in early July, Masback was still hungry and finished an invitation a week before the race.

In a mile among equals, the pacesetter rarely wins. Meet promoters, intent on encouraging fast times, make sure to line up a journeyman rabbit for the first half-mile. The Oslo promoters, though, were permitted no mere journeymen, only top class milers. So they went looking for a runner to sacrifice. "Robson and I and Williamson were almost told that if we didn't want to be the rabbit we couldn't run," says Masback. Offended, they made no promises.

In the Bislett Games in Oslo on July 5, Coghlan won the 3,000 meters in 7:39.1 and that night, after speaking with Haukvik, finally agreed to run the Golden Mile, 12 days later. In the same meet, England's Sebastian Coe destroyed Juntorena's 800-meter world record by a full second with a time of 1:42.4. It was the 32nd world record set on the Bislett Stadium track.

Understanding less about the 800 meters than the mile, the popular press found the 22-year-old Coe remarkable mostly for his dark-haired good looks and for having a sister, Miranda, who was a dancer in the Lido show in Las Vegas. But followers of middle-distance running saw his 1:42.4 as a quantum leap forward; he had lowered the 800-meter record by more than anyone since Peter Snell of New Zealand, who cut 1.4 seconds from it with his 1:44.3 in 1962. Walker, whom Coghlan had outkicked in the 3,000, was transfixed as he watched the 800. "Coe looked like he could run under 1:40," he said. "He never tied up at all. I think he could run a 3:51 mile right now." Privately, Walker suspected Coe could do far faster.

Coe had just taken his degree in economics from Loughborough University and was trained by his father, Peter Coe, the production director for the cutlery firm of George Butler, Ltd. of Sheffield. After the 800-meter record, Coe traveled north to Tingvoll, Norway, to honor a commitment he had made earlier, before every English radio and newspaperman could try to talk to him. "Mind you, it was the best thing I could have done, because I missed all the press appeals," he

says. "It was a tiny place, inside a fjord. They had a new surface on the track, all silvery, something from the mines there. And the track itself was undersized. In the 800 I remember being told, 'When you get to the red hut at the corner there, it's two laps more.'" In a spray of soft silver cinders, Coe won in 1:54.8 and then went home to receive his invitation to the Golden Mile.

Coe and his father had considered him primarily an 800-meter runner since he was 18. His training had been designed with the aid of Loughborough physiologist George Gandy to give him the springiness and speed of a quarter-miler, but about once a year he ran a mile and showed no fear of even longer distances. He had beaten Coghlan in a four-mile road race, and British Olympic 10,000-meter bronze medalist Brendan Foster went so far as to say 5,000 meters might eventually be Coe's best event.

That he could last out a hard mile Coe proved to himself with an astounding workout a week before the Golden Mile. On a carefully measured stretch of the Rivelin Valley Road west of Sheffield, he did six 800-meter runs with 90-second recovery jogs between them. "I don't remember all the times," he says, "but they were 1:52s and 1:53s. The last one was 1:49.5."

On July 13 and 14, most of the principals in the Oslo mile gathered at the British championships at Crystal Palace track, London. Coghlan reached his season's goal in style by winning the 5,000 meters with a personal record of 15:23.6. He outkicked such worthies as Mike McLeod of England, Rod Oxon of New Zealand and world-record holder Henry Rono. Coe dropped down to the 400 meters and won his heat in 46.95; the next day he placed second in the final behind the Sudan's Kasheef Hassan in 46.87. "I wasn't too pleased with that," he says. Later in the year he would run a 45.5 in anchoring Britain's European Cup 1,600-meter-relay team.

Steve Scott outlasted John Walker in the 800 meters, 1:47.4 to 1:47.6. Ovett toyed with the 1,500-meter field, sprinting from last to first around the final turn and coasting in ahead of Williamson and Robson. Afterward, during an interview with the BBC, Ovett lauded the strength of British miling, asking, "Why should we have to go over to Norway? The best milers in the world are British. Let the rest of the world come to us."

"After that he felt he couldn't go to Oslo," says Williamson. Ovett, out on a limb, cut it off by saying he had nothing to prove, that whoever won in Norway would have "a hollow victory" without having beaten him. The rest of the milers, in the main combative men beneath composed exteriors, didn't take such words

continued



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lightly. As they went to Oslo, they began to conceive of the shape the Golden Mile might take, and there grew among them the unspoken conviction that it would be fast.

The athletes' lodgings in Oslo were to the north of the city, in the Panorama Sommerhotell, beside tranquil Sognsvatn Lake. The 1972 U.S. Olympic track team trained there. The buildings of glass and birch are spare and functional. Sawdust and sand trails run across a forest floor replete with huckleberry bushes and granite outcroppings and are used by runners and hikers in summer, cross-country skiers in winter. The city of Oslo spends \$30 million a year in support of such facilities as well as over 400 sports clubs.

"The whole atmosphere of the place, the paths around the lake, the quaint cable car you took down to the town, the way you could sit on the wharf by the fjord and shell shrimp for lunch was relaxing and just distracting enough to be perfect," says Scott, who had run his best 1,500 meters (3:36.0) in Oslo in 1978. "It was fun to bring Kim [Votaw, now his wife] and be able to show her everything."

Scott's only worry was over his efforts to join the U.S. team in Moscow the following week for the Spartakiade Games. Despite repeatedly cabling the AAU office in Indianapolis and visiting the Soviet Embassy daily, he had yet to receive a visa.

Coe, who had flown with his father to Oslo from Manchester on July 15, ran through Frogner Park, where he was astounded by the size, number and compelling, unspanning humanity of the Gustav Vigeland sculptures. Later, cruising past the Norwegian girls sunbathing topless on Sognsvatn's shore, he slowed, "out of deference." At the hotel he was introduced to many of his opponents for the first time. "They struck me as one of the friendliest collections of people I've met, given what was to come later," he says.

One runner Coe knew and respected was Dixon of New Zealand. They discussed Overt. "I don't know him at all well," said Coe. "He certainly seems to talk himself into a corner."

"He rather reminds me of the lift operator," said Dixon. "After he's reached the top, he'll have to come down, and then he'll meet all the people he was rude to on the way up."

There was a garden party for athletes and press the evening before the race at Haukvik's home on one of the wooded slopes of suburban Oslo. Over ham and strawberries, Haukvik badgered all the lesser names in turn. "He said, in a condescending manner, that this was a race they just couldn't put a rabbit in because the in-

itations were so scarce," says Masback. "He said, 'So the race is going to be a failure unless you lead.' I reacted violently, and he went to talk to someone else."

Had Haukvik known the thinking of Scott and Wessinghage, he might have relaxed and enjoyed the ham. "Thomas and I went off under the apple trees and made a plan," says Scott. "More than wanting to win at any cost, we wanted to run a fast time. We assumed they'd get someone to lead for two laps. Then I would take the third lap and push it hard, and Thomas would take it going into the last quarter, and we'd both sprint with 200 to go." Scott was so serious that he told Wessinghage, "If there is no early rabbit, I'm going to take the pace out from the start."

The British press, which had been caught flat-footed by Coe's 800-meter record, was out in force. "Why are you here, if it's not a special occasion?" a reporter asked Peter Coe at Haukvik's party, because Sebastian's father had not attended the earlier race.

"He can run 800s perfectly well on his own," said Peter, "because he's an 800-meter runner. But he's not yet a miler. We've come to learn."

To one side, Masback, in perfect earnest, was predicting a fast race, one that would have eight men under 3:53. An NBC camera crew thought this very funny. Peter Coe didn't crack a smile. "I like that Masback," he said. "An intelligent man."

Out on the lawn a factory representative with a trunk full of lovely Norwegian sweaters was offering them to the athletes at half price. "I experienced some anxiety," says Masback. "Should I buy one when I knew they gave them as prizes for the first six? Finally Haukvik said if you do a personal record, they're free. So I said at least I'll get that and went away to eat all the strawberries I could."

Back in the hotel, Williamson, who had also resisted Haukvik's entreaties to set the pace, sat down with his roommate, Brendan Foster, a magically astute judge of runners. Before them they had a list of the field. "We got it down to Coe and Scott, really," Williamson says. "For a year I had felt that Coe was capable of a big mile. Coghlan had to be tired from his 5,000. Walker was not at his best, and Wessinghage seldom comes off well in a big race. I never expected anything of Masback."

The 19-year-old Williamson looked up at the 31-year-old Foster. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I'd bet you third," said Foster.

The morning was cool and calm with a moist fog over the fjord. One by one the milers rose and stretched and headed out for their easy morning runs. At the far end of the lake Coghlan met Coe, who turned and joined him. Both are men who save their nervous en-

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ergy for races, so it was not a strained occasion. "Just communing with nature," says Coghlan.

Lacy was communing with himself. For five days he'd had strep throat and a temperature. This morning it was down to 99°. "When I got up I felt runnable," he says. "I managed to do a couple of miles without coughing and hacking. I was hoping that I'd experienced a miraculous recovery. I hadn't, but at least I figured I could run safely."

Australia's Hall passed some time reading a book on English history. Ishii of Japan took a long walk among the evergreens, feeling honored. "I knew I wasn't fast enough to win," he says, "but I was tremendously elated to be given this chance to see how I measured up to the best men in the world." For Ishii, it was like being dropped into an Olympic final, and his assessment of his opponents was fascinating. "I believed Coe would not win because he was specializing in the 800," he says. "Coghlan is basically a long-distance racer with great staying power. He is not too strong a sprinter in the homestretch." Had Ishii asserted this to Walker, Wessinghage, Scott, Lacy, Robson, Moorcroft or Masback, all of whom had been cut down by Coghlan in the last hundred yards of races, he would have caused a sensation. In fact, Coghlan's potent kick was the reason Peter Coe felt the pace would be swift. "Out of a dozen intelligent men there must be several who don't care to wait around and have Eamonn outspint them," he said.

Scott and Lacy took the rattling wooden tram from the hotel to the city center and walked again to the Soviet Embassy, where Scott was told his visa still had not come in.

(Scott would never make it to Russia. But after the Golden Mile, Masback, staying with an aunt in Paris, would pay his own insistent visits to the Soviet Embassy there. He recalls, "Finally on the fourth day the guy said, 'Are you Edwin Moses?' I said no. 'Do you know Edwin Moses?' I said sure. 'O.K., here is visa.'") Masback then placed second in the Spartakiade 1,500.)

From the embassy they went to the SAS offices to have Scott's and Kim Votaw's tickets changed to go south. "There were long lines," says Scott. "We waited half an hour, then said screw it and went back to the hotel to have something to eat." Five hours before race time they looked at the menu and settled for spaghetti.

"They only had five things in the restaurant," says Masback. "Fish, hamburger, Wiener schnitzel, fried chicken and spaghetti. And there were some unclear but heated personal problems among the kitchen staff. Our food was always served by sullen or tear-streaked waitresses."

Coe had relaxed for an hour reading Mao's little red book of quotations, which he had brought from Sheffield. "I found it very funny," he says. "The masses' inexhaustible lust for socialism." Then he and his father had been taken by a photographer to pose on the heights of the Holmenkollen ski jump. They cooperated, climbing hundreds of feet up and down the structure, but felt slightly used. The photograph of Sebastian now in his album shows him standing with a pair of sis and a certain wrinkled-nose discontent. The picture of his father shows ashen terror. "That must have added two seconds to whatever you'll run," he said as they regained level ground.

At midday they lunched and laid the race plan. "We had a slight difference of opinion," Sebastian says. "I thought there might be some stuffing around." But his father assured him it would be fast all the way, and thus the best tactic was not to lead but to get a good position and stay close to the front. "There was no talk of a world record," says Peter. "It was to be run competitively. The aim was simply to win the race."

Sebastian's concern was for the third lap. "When you figure 57 seconds per quarter is six seconds slower than my 800-meter pace," he says, "it wasn't going to feel too hard at first. But those stamina men were going to come on in that third quarter."

Walker had reached Oslo only the day before, having been delayed by leaving his passport in London. He and Williamson had a chat in the hotel lobby. Walker said he was making no excuses, but his Achilles tendon problems had left him short of racing fitness. He had a cold and was taking penicillin.

"I didn't feel he should've been talking to me in such a way," says Williamson. "Who was I, anyway? He certainly didn't seem the big, confident athlete I knew."

The nearer the race, the more time dragged. "It was just an excruciatingly long day," says Masback, "filled with waiting and vapid conversations. Finally we got on the bus to the stadium early, just to get moving. Walker was wry, unusually funny, unusually relaxed."

Walker felt the best he could possibly expect of himself was 3:53 or 3:54. He had watched Coe's 800 record run and knew what he had seen. "Unlike what was written so much in 1976," he says, "someone who is big and heavy like me is limited in what he can do, but a light-framed, speedy runner like Coe will not have much trouble carrying his speed over a mile."

Coe and Moorcroft, another Loughborough graduate, took a car to the track with Peter Coe and Miklos Nemeth, the Olympic javelin champion from Hungary. Also in the car was Bela Domoks, a Hungarian photog-

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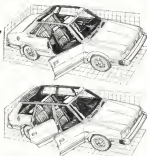
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rapher who had defected to England in 1956. Domokos began talking to Nemeth about how Hungarian magazines never paid for his pictures. "Gradually Bela began lecturing him," says Coe. "Nemeth's neck grew red as it got beyond a lecture. It wasn't the most relaxing way to collect one's thoughts."

Once at Bislett, which is alongside the large and fragrant Frydenlund brewery near the city center, the Coes were taken onto the field and put up on the awards stand, where Peter presented a gold medal to his son for the 800-meter record. The 16,173 fans filling the stands applauded. Coe, graceful in a tan sweat suit, waved in thanks, seemingly calm.

"How do you run a world record?" asks Peter Coe. "You compress all your baser urges into one minute and 42 seconds of running. Inside, the man is as ruthless as they come."

The warmup area at Bislett is odd, a little flat and dusty space inside the fence at the top of a grassy slope. Coe sat there for a while, keeping an eye on Foster's sweats as he and Dixon duelled in the two-mile, Dixon winning in a fine 8:15.2. "I just soaked up the hum, the general excitement of the crowd," says Coe. "Once I came down to the parking area behind the stand and was nabbed by Charlie Jones of NBC. He asked me about Miranda's legs. He has a thing about her legs. I said, 'They're prettier than mine, but not as fast,' and escaped back to the warmup level."

Moorcroft went to the side of the track during his warmup to watch Grete Waitz win the women's 3,000 in 8:31.8, the second fastest ever. "The atmosphere in there was electric," he says. "The track only has six lanes and the banking of the stands is so steep you feel the crowd is on top of you."

Coghlan went to a little park three-quarters of a mile away to do his 40 minutes of jogging and stretching. Scott, who had sat with the pole vaulters, warmed up inside the stadium, doing increasingly rapid 100-meter strides down the backstretch.

Williamson ran slowly around the outside, trying to convince himself that the only reason he didn't feel good was because he was wearing two sweat suits. "When I got out on the track to do strides I felt better," he says. "I stared at Coe's father, wondering what he could be thinking about me." It was a natural thought, as the craggy senior Coe is known to seek the iron in a runner. "I want to see what the bastards are made of," he had said in sending Sebastian out to drive the pace in the 1978 European Championship 800.

Now, as he watched his son lace on his spikes, he was feeling what he had denied over strawberries the

night before. "I knew something special was happening," he says. "Normally we have little to say to one another right before a race. But I was caught up. I said, 'You know, you can win this.'"

"Yes, I know, Dad."

Then they were on the track for introductions. Coghlan, all in green, was doing little twinkle-toed accelerations. Scott got a last hug from Kim. Walker limped slightly and looked glum. Masback and Moorcroft were apprehensive, weary of the long television hype that required the milers to bound one by one to the top of the awards stand and wave. It seemed an unnecessary, almost insulting ceremony in the midst of 16,000 spectators who could neither be more knowledgeable nor more excited. Through it all, Coe appeared assured. "Normally I would have been perturbed," he says. "I hate indecision and delay before races. But I wasn't very nervous at all."

At last they went to the line. As soon as all were still, the gun sounded. Coe, wearing his British racing singlet and purple Loughborough shorts, bolted to the front at once to avoid the inevitable pushing within a field of 13 aggressive men. As it was, he still caught an elbow from Masback as the pack jammed together around the first turn. Entering the backstretch, Lacy, running wide, went smoothly ahead. Knowing his weakened condition wouldn't let him be a contender, he had decided to become the crucial element in a great mile, a respected man setting a hard, even pace. Coe was surprised. "I'd no idea he was going to do that."

As Lacy moved to the inside, Scott and Wessinghage followed him. Coe held fourth. Ishii and Bjørge Rudd, Norway's entrant, fell behind and would not be factors. Of the rest, two men's fates were already sealed. One was Masback. "My plan was to go out near the front and stay there," he says. "That plan lasted about a hundred meters. I got out fine, but one by one everyone marched by and pretty soon I had a perfect view of the race."

The other was Coghlan. "I was not cocky, but too cagey, too careful," he says. "I think I was last in the early running."

At the quarter mile, Lacy was timed in 57 seconds flat. Scott was a yard behind, thinking here the two of them were again, as so many times during the U.S. indoor season, "doing the work as usual." Wessinghage and Coe were by in about 57.8. Behind them the pack was dangerously tight, with seven men working for position. "There was a lot of physical contact," says Moorcroft. "I never got past fifth or sixth. It felt like I was running into a wall all the time." Into the third turn, Coghlan and Walker were ninth and 10th, respectively. Coghlan knew he had to get up. "On the second

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lap when I thought they would ease, they just kept going." He went wide down the backstretch and passed several men, but made up little on the leaders.

Lacy and Scott hit 800 meters in 1:54.0, with Coe now third in 1:54.5. Lacy had been perfect, with two 57-second laps in a row. Now he stepped off the track, coughing, blood pounding in his head. Scott leaned hard into the turn, keeping the pressure on. Later, both Scott and Coe would give Lacy full credit for making a record possible. Scott also says, "He shouldn't have done it. For one thing, he was sick. His throat infection lingered on and he couldn't train until September. But more than that, he'd broken the indoor world record in February. He is too good a runner to rabbit."

Coe stayed with Scott and daylight opened to the pack. They led by eight yards at 2½ laps, when Coghlan finally took over third from Wessinghage. "I ran as if I had no experience whatsoever," says Coghlan. "I ran three or four little races within the larger one. I made a hell of an effort in the third lap to get to third and once I got there I was exhausted."

Through the third lap, Scott willed himself not to slow. This was how he had destroyed the kick of Villanova's Don Paige in the AAU 1,500 in June. He did not know who was behind him. The crowd was so loud he could hear no foot-steps. He had heard no lap times. He didn't care about them. He knew only to run as hard as a man can run.

With 500 meters left, Coe came to Scott's shoulder. Scott, recalling their plan, thought it was Wessinghage. When Coe passed him 30 yards before the three-quarter-mile point, Scott was encouraged, thinking the half-miler had moved too early.

The time at 1,200 meters was 2:52.0. Walker, laboring out of the pack past the seemingly spent Coghlan, heard the split called to Coe and Scott. "Well, it's gone," he thought. "Coming around the turn I actually got into third place," he says, "but I was preoccupied with watching Coe. I was fascinated, if that's the word, knowing he was on his way to breaking my world record."

Coe moved steadily away from Scott. "I was filled with relief that I hadn't been chewed over by the pack in the third lap," he says. "From then on I was just running for the tape." Coe's stride never took on the appearance of being willed. His face showed no strain, only a wide-eyed absorption in his task. He passed 1,500 meters in 3:32.8, a European record. As he neared the tape he looked as if he could run another lap.

Behind Coe, Scott was holding on. Behind Scott, things were happening down the backstretch. Wil-

lamson had found the race frustrating for its refusal to develop into a file of efficiently running men. "You could never settle in," he says. "There were always things going on, people coming past. I really only took stock of the race with 300 to go." He was in fourth. "With Scott and Coe out and away, I was aiming for third. I got by Walker. I cut in on him and he pushed me in the back. Ahead, Scott didn't look that good. I began to think I might get second."

Masback entered the last backstretch in 10th place. "I'd run the whole way back there on the inside with a feeling of resignation, but I sensed we were moving quickly," he says. "I got outside into the express lane with 300 to go, hoping to pass two or three people before the turn." Masback passed four. "As I went around Coghlan he turned his head and we exchanged glances. I saw a despair in his eyes, as if he was saying, 'That should be me up there, and to make it worse, now you're passing me.'"

On the turn, just past 1,500 meters, Masback loomed up behind Williamson, and his reaching stride accidentally caught Williamson's left foot. Two spikes went into the rear of the Scotsman's red Puma and ripped it off his heel.

"One second I was sprinting at Scott, thinking, 'He's not too far away,'" says Williamson. "And the next, 'Christ, what can I do? What can I do?'" I kept looking down. I ran a few steps with the back of the shoe tucked under my foot like a carpet slipper. Then I got it off. People began to go by me. My running action was gone." Williamson would finish seventh in 3:53.2. That and his 1,500-meter time of 3:36.6 were European Junior records.

Coghlan was seventh or eighth off the last turn, and still a proud man. He sprinted the last 100 yards faster than anyone else and reached fourth at the finish in 3:52.5, an Irish national record. Masback came in just ahead of him in 3:52.1. As they slowed, Coghlan drew up beside Masback and heard him gasp, "Sorry. You're the best."

Robson went from seventh to fifth on the last turn. "In the straight I was floating, detached," he says. "I had lots left, and it seemed I was closing on Coghlan and Masback. Through the line Walker was right beside me." Robson and Walker finished fifth and sixth in 3:52.8 and 3:52.9. At once Walker turned to Robson and said, "I've lost my record."

Later Coghlan would say, "I'll always remember how Walker took it. Sure, we all say records are made to be broken, but there was something more special about that record. It was the first sub-3:50. It was a true landmark, and that night it was forgotten. That's what he lost, and he accepted it instantly."

continued

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Scott was not at all inclined to be accepting. "It must be wrong," he raged, for his time on the electronic photometer was 3:51.11, one one-hundredth of a second slower than Jim Ryun's 12-year-old U.S. record. To make it worse, Scott had eased several yards before the tape.

As had Coe himself. Yet he had floated across the line in 3:49.0, a world record. "The lesson of the Golden Mile," says Coe's father, "is one that the two finest athletes ignored: Run through the tape."

Coe relaxed through it into pandemonium. "Everyone was shouting, of course, calling a wild variety of times," he says. "My father was the first person I was willing to listen to. He told me I'd done it."

Someone thrust a Union Jack tied to a birch branch into Coe's hands, and he took a jubilant victory lap with a train of photographers behind. "He looked like a combination Pled Piper and Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People*," says Masback.

Coe received a gold trophy worth \$13,000 from IAAF President Adrian Paulsen on television—during which time NBC's Charlie Jones held his cigarette at the hem of his blazer so it would not appear in the picture—then had it immediately taken back; it is not a "keeper."

By the time Coe and his father had satisfied the English press, the stadium was empty. They went in search of a ride to the athletes' reception. "I always thought when someone broke a world record the angels came down and bore you off to wherever you wanted to go," says Scott. "But there was Coe, walking out confused, just like the rest of us."

Eventually the millers reached the site of the dinner, an Oslo hotel. Coe went to shower in someone's room. Masback stayed in the lobby to make a call home. "In the time I sat there," he says, "Walker got three calls from New Zealand newspapers. He said all the right things: 'Yes, I'm sorry it's gone, but it was a great effort by Coe. I'm very glad to have had a chance to be in the race. ...' All the right things, but with such an expression of anguish on his face that I had to look away."

As Walker suffered, Coe, damp from his shower, passed lightly by on his way to the reception room. As he entered, the meet's athletes rose in a standing ovation. For the first time what he had done began to sink in, and he was moved.

Runners will say of a successful race, "You wake the next morning and it is gone." It was in recognition of the evanescence of victory that the ancient Olympic Games awarded winners only a perishable olive wreath. Yet the final measure of the Golden Mile

consists of whatever its makers carried from it.

Wessinghage, who was eighth in 3:53.2, recalls Coghlan's final kick. "A great gesture," he says. "I wish I had done that." In August he would set the pace for Overt's attempt at Coe's record in London. Overt would barely miss, with 3:49.6. Wessinghage, remembering Coghlan, would hang on to run 3:50.6, the fourth-fastest mile ever.

Williamson flew back to Glasgow the next morning. He tried to tell himself he'd been lucky; Masback's spikes might easily have split his Achilles tendon. "But I couldn't help thinking of what I might have done had I not been spiked," he says. "I was so close." The flight had to hold for half an hour over Glasgow. "I kept punching the seat in front of me. I was so close."

Scott, Walker and Masback were back at war the next night, racing over 1,500 meters in Lausanne, Switzerland. "Walker had been discouraged that I had beaten him in Oslo," says Masback. "He went wild to get me back in Lausanne. Which he did, by the chest hairs." Both finished in 3:37.9, behind Scott's 3:37.7.

Coe and his father flew home the morning after the race. "The house was under siege," Sebastian says. "Cars everywhere, cameras, cables. The room was white with light, and there was plastic sheeting over everything." As he walked in, the phone rang and he picked it up. A good Yorkshire accent from the Hallamshire Harriers said, "Hey, if you don't get your forms in for the agricultural show race, you'll not be in."

"I'm home all right," said Coe.

That afternoon he went for a relaxing run, up along the shore of the Howden Reservoir in the Derwent Valley. The land is part of the Peak National Park. Great old rhododendrons and pines come down to a stone wall beside the road.

Coe let his thoughts run free. "I was just glad, blissfully glad to get away from everything," he says. "Right after a race the difficulty is to find your sweat-suit and get your shoes changed and give some sort of gentle answer to excited, dumb questions, the most frequent being, 'How do you feel?' when I don't know yet how I feel."

Now, gazing out at the moors across the lake, he knew how he felt, and it wasn't historic. "I have other races to run," he thought. "It may be years yet, if ever, before I come to think of the Oslo mile as a landmark."

Then, turning for home, a clearer idea came, one he surely would share with Walker. "These records are only borrowed," he would say, "precious aspects of the sport, temporarily in one's keeping." ■

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TRACK & FIELD

***The
Soviets
tune up
for —
what?***

Aleksandr Puchkov won the 110 hurdles in a rehearsal for the maybe-Olympics.

He got his nickname, Skeets, as a babe, his father said, because he crawled so fast "he seemed to be running." Against Rensaldo Nehemiah, every other high hurdler seemed to crawl last year. A University of Maryland sophomore, Nehemiah established world records at four hurdle distances during the indoor season, and then, in his first meet outdoors, he set the mark (13.16) in the 110 meters. In May at the UCLA-Pepsi meet he beat unfriendly rival Alejandro Casañas of Cuba and lowered the record to 13 flat. Then in June at the NCAA's he was timed in a wind-aided 12.91. Maryland Track Coach Frank Costello put it this way, "Nehemiah will do to the hurdles what Bob Beamon did to the long jump."

Bannon Coghlan set an indoor mile mark of 3:52.6.



The 20-year-old Nehemiah lost but one hurdles race during the indoor and outdoor seasons.



A winded Mary Decker set a mile record.



Candy Young broke an indoor hurdles mark.



Step by step, Edwin Moses trained to remain the best intermediate hurdler in all the world.



Larry Myricks long-jumped farther—27' 11 1/2"—than anyone had since Bob Beamon in 1968



Steve Ovett attacked the mile 1:50 mark



Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia (above) took the World Cup 5,000 and 10,000, Pam Spencer of the U.S. high-jumps at the Pan-Am Games





Houston McTeer (right) nips Cuba's Silvio Leonard in the 100 meters at the UCLA meet.



Evelyn Ashford has that golden look about her.



THERE WERE MILES OF SMILES

An unprecedented assault was made on middle-distance records, led, of course, by Sebastian Coe. The young Briton broke three world marks in an incredible 42 days, sandwiching his 3:49.0 mile between a 1:42.4 in the 800 meters and a 3:32.1 in the 1,500. The mile record took a beating indoors, too, at the Jack-in-the-Box games in San Diego, where Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland popped up with a time of 3:52.6, 2.3 seconds under Dick Buarkle's old record. Americans Steve Scott and Steve Lacy also finished under the former mark, making this the first time three milers had broken a world record in one race. Don Paige of Villanova, a Jim Ryun look-alike, established himself as America's miler of the future by winning the 800 and 1,500 double at the NCAA championships. Britain's other mile star, Steve Ovett, skipped the Golden Mile, but he narrowly missed breaking Coe's 1,500 and mile records in other races.

Rensaldo Nehemiah and Edwin Moses, the world's fastest alto-sax player and engineer, respectively, were both high in the hurdles. Nehemiah lost only one race during a long campaign in which he twice lowered the 110-meter hurdles record, and Moses stayed unbeaten in the 400 hurdles, missing his 47.45 world mark by .08 of a second at World Cup II in Montreal. The World Cup was also the site of the biggest triumph for American women: Evelyn Ashford's victory in the 200-meter dash over Marita Koch of East Germany, who set world marks in both the 200 and 400 last year. The ever-shy Evelyn fled the stadium after her victory but returned the next day to beat another East German record holder, Marlies Göhr, in the 100. At the same games, and in the same stadium in which he broke an ankle warming up for the 1976 Olympic finals, Larry Myricks long-jumped 27' 11½", the longest ever at sea level and second only to Bob Beamon's 29' 2½" in the Mexico City Games. Other notable performances in 1979 were Mary Decker's American mile record of 4:23.5 and Dan Ripley's world indoor pole-vault mark of 18' 5½". And Candy Young, 16, shoved Joe Namath aside as Beaver Falls, Pa.'s premier athlete by breaking the world indoor record in the 60-yard hurdles. ■

After the Golden Mile, Coe parades Union Jack on a makeshift pole



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A full-page photograph of Maurice Lucas, a Portland Trail Blazers player, in a yellow and red uniform. He is captured in a dynamic pose, leaning forward with his right arm extended upwards, possibly reaching for a rebound or a shot. The background shows a basketball court with a hoop and a crowd of spectators, though they are out of focus. The lighting is bright, typical of an indoor arena.

PRO BASKETBALL

The power surge in the West

With Bill Walton absent, Maurice Lucas had to drive Portland into the playoffs.



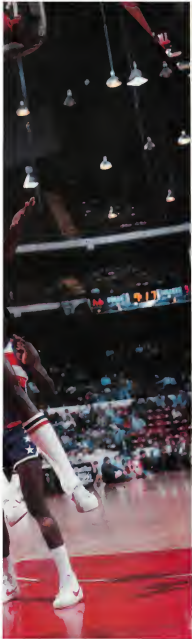
The MVP of the playoffs described himself as a "funny-looking black kid with red hair and freckles." The leading scorer was a 25-year-old with fast feet and a fast-receding hairline. The spiritual leader was an "old man" who has never learned how to shoot. In 15 years in the league. Together they made the Seattle SuperSonics NBA champions. In defeating the Washington Bullets, in five games, the Sonics had backcourt scoring stars in Dennis Johnson and Gus Williams—the redhead and the bald-head. And they had frontcourt defensive stalwarts in old man Paul Silas and Center Jack Sikma. After Game 5, Freddie Brown stood dripping with sweat, champagne and tears and said, "This is heaven."



There was no hiding Coach Lenny Wilkens' ecstasy

The Big E, Elvin Hayes, got a big A for his efforts, but the Bullets lost in the backcourt





Dennis Johnson (24) and Sam Cassell (35) wore their respective ages nicely.



Larry Verbit's 26 clutch points gave Washington its only series victory.



It was not a season of note for the Jazz' Pete Maravich, who had a bad knee and the blues



Kevin Grevey displayed heads-up basketball



Gus Williams averaged 28.6 points in the finals and led the Sonics in scoring in every game.



Blazer Dave Twardzik had a hasty encounter.



Kareem creamed Nugget Dan Issel on this one.



THE BULLETS RUN OUT OF AMMO

Unselfed was his usual possessive self in the finals, with 57 rebounds



A leading figure in Washington was overheard to say last May, "The pressure. The mental part. Everyone's after us. Defending this is the hardest thing I've ever done." Yes, Jimmy Carter would have been a good guess, but the words actually were spoken by another Capital eminence, Elvin Hayes. What the Big E was talking about was defending the NBA title Washington had won the spring before. The first team to take a shot at the Bullets in the playoffs was unsung Atlanta, a team of heart, not to mention brawn. The Hawks fought back from a 3-1 deficit to send the series to a seventh game in Washington, which the aforementioned President attended. Hayes rose to that occasion with 39 points in a 100-94 victory. Next to go gunning for the Bullets was San Antonio, and before Washington got organized, George Gervin had scored 42 points to lead the Spurs to a 118-112 win and a 3-1 lead in the semifinals. The champions revved in time to triumph in the next two and set up another big shootout. Although Gervin again scored 42, the Bullets prevailed 107-105 when Bobby Dandridge, who had 37 points, hit the game-winning basket with only eight seconds left.

In the Western Division, Seattle and Phoenix were having surprisingly easy times with Los Angeles and Kansas City, respectively. The Suns' hopes were clouded after they lost the first two games of the semis to the Sonics and their center, Alvan Adams, to a sprained left ankle in the first period of Game 3. But with Paul Westphal, Walter Davis and substitute Center Joel Kramer showing the way, Phoenix stormed back to take a 3-2 lead. Then the Sonics boomed, coming from behind in the last minutes to triumph in Game 6, and getting 33 points from Jack Sikma to win the seventh game—and the right to meet the Bullets in a rematch of the '78 playoff finals. Gervin's consolation for the Spurs' playoff loss was a second straight scoring title, he averaged 29.6 points a game. Moses Malone of the Rockets was an overwhelming choice as the league's MVP, having averaged 17.6 rebounds a game and broken the record for offensive rebounds in a season with 587 ■

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TENNIS

The Open was kids' stuff

1 2 3 4

A local boy, John McEnroe, made good in the U.S. Open at Flushing Meadow.



Past, present and future tennis came together in 1979. From out of history came Billie Jean King to win a record 20th All-England title, in women's doubles. Wimbledon also featured the No. 1 contemporary stars—Martina Navratilova, who defeated a new bride, Chris Evert Lloyd, in the women's finals, and Bjorn Borg, who won his fourth straight men's title. The U.S. Open was a preview of coming attractions. At 16, Tracy Austin, bless her pigtailis, became the youngest Open champ by beating Evert Lloyd, while John McEnroe, 20, alias The Kid, dispatched Queens neighbor Vitas Gerulaitis. The match over, McEnroe hurled his racket into the night. Nobody knows how high it went, or how far The Kid will go. ■



It was indeed a sweet-16 year for Austin, who won her first of what may be many Opens.



Spurred by the arrival of her mother from Czechoslovakia, Navratilova won her second straight Wimbledon and reaffirmed her No. 1 ranking.



Chris Evert lost 15 pounds, but her newlywed game was too thin. Bjorn didn't have to stoop to conquer his fourth consecutive Wimbledon.



MOTOR SPORTS

The big yellow vacuum cleaner at Indy

In the 500, the ground-effects car had the traction but not the transmission.





CART VS. USAC: NOBODY WON

The highlight of the season was Rick Mears' victory in the Indianapolis 500, and the lowlight was the bitter struggle between the U.S. Auto Club and the rival Championship Auto Racing Teams. USAC had sought to ban from the 500 six CART teams, whose drivers included four former champions and Mears. The Speedway was saved from having to put on an embarrassingly thin show only a week before qualifying, when a U.S. District Court overturned USAC's action. Race day dawned cool and clear, and the 500 progressed without major incident. The early leader was defending champion Al Unser, in Jim Hall's yellow Chaparral-Cosworth, the first Indy car to fully employ the ground-effects principle of channeling the air underneath for better traction. But halfway through the race the sophisticated machine sprang an unsophisticated transmission seal and was forced out of the running. Into the breach went brother Bobby Unser in Roger Penske's new PC-7, but he, too, ran into mechanical difficulty. That left the race to Mears in an older version of the Penske car. Mears, a 27-year-old off-road racing champion in only his second Indy, went on to win the CART nine-race series, while A. J. Foyt won all but one other USAC race against outclassed fields. The USAC-CART split did nobody any good, neither series drew much interest, and sponsors were suddenly in short supply.

The fighting on the stock-car circuit was confined to the infield at Daytona. On the last lap of the Daytona 500, the cars of frontrunners Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough bumped each other, giving the race to Richard Petty. While Petty saw his first checkered flag in a year and a half, Yarborough and the Allison brothers, Donnie and Bobby, duked it out by Turn 3. It was a particularly satisfying year for Petty, who won his seventh Grand National championship, edging out Darrell Waltrip in the circuit's last race. King Richard, 42, was clearly not about to relinquish his throne. In Formula 1 competition, Jody Scheckter of South Africa won his first world driving championship, but his Ferrari teammate, Canadian Gilles Villeneuve, won three races and gained more attention for his wild driving style. ■

A CART backer in Gasoline Alley demonstrates his feelings about USAC

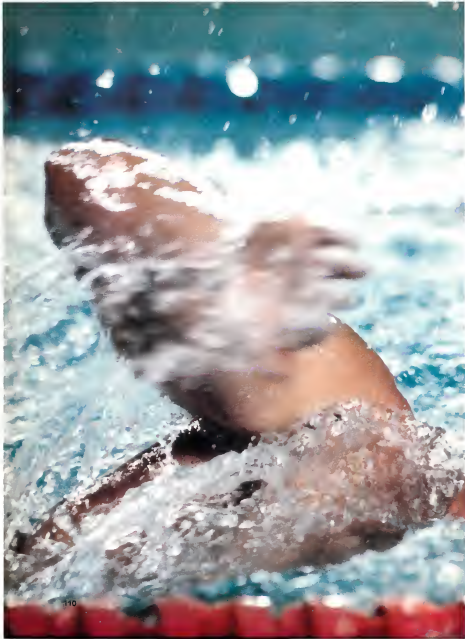


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A full-page photograph of a swimmer, Brian Goodell, in a pool. He is wearing a swim cap and goggles, and is captured in a dynamic pose, possibly during a race or a powerful stroke. The water is splashing around him, creating a sense of motion and energy. The background is a deep blue, and the overall tone is vibrant and athletic.

SWIMMING

**Goodell
beats
them
but
good**

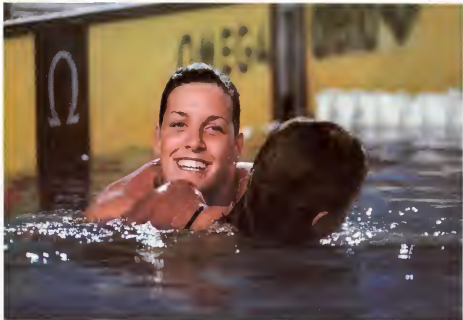
Brian Goodell returned to top form with three impressive wins in the NCAA meet.

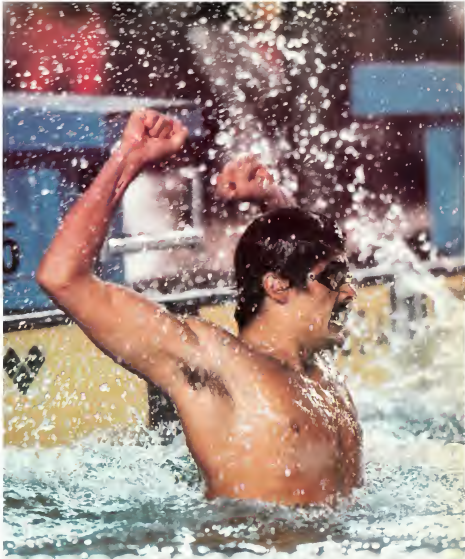
James (Doc) Counsilman was in the 10th hour of his version of the old man and the sea, and both his spirit and his stroke were flagging. At 6:15 a.m., the Indiana University swimming coach had slipped into the water to try to become, at 58, the oldest person to swim the English Channel. In the third hour he had nearly been run down by a Soviet freighter, and later a wind shift had forced a change of course, adding five miles to the swim. As dusk fell and Counsilman began to founder, Ray Scott, the official observer aboard the *Helen Ann Marie*, shouted, "Strike a blow for all us old buggers." With that, Doc picked up his stroke and rode the swells triumphantly to the beach at Calais, touching shore at 7:20 p.m.



Gathered with lanolin and Vaseline, Doc bids adieu and heads for France.

Though Tracy Caulkins, 16, didn't set three world records, as she did in 1978, she still had a banner year, including four Pan-Am gold medals





Jesse Vassallo's triumphant return to his native Puerto Rico for the Pan-Am Games was capped by a world record in the 200-meter individual medley.

THE TEENY-BOBBERS MAKE A BIG SPLASH

Mary T. Meagher collected butterfly records as well as a friendly frog



It was supposed to be an off year in swimming, sort of a calm before the Olympic storm, but how much of an off year can it be when eight world records are set? Or when the U.S. men and women win 28 out of 29 gold medals at the Pan-American Games in Puerto Rico and break world standards in four events? Two new American stars, Jesse Vassallo and Mary T. Meagher, came to the surface, while two old ones, Brian Goodell and Tracy Caulkins, reaffirmed their positions as the world's best in their events. The Pan-Am Games were both a triumph for the U.S. and a homecoming for Vassallo, who turned 18 last summer. Vassallo lives in California, but he spent the first 11 years of his life in Puerto Rico, and to mark his return, his Uncle Salvador distributed 2,000 yellow Vassallo T-shirts. As his hugely extended family cheered, Vassallo broke the world record for the 200-meter individual medley (2:03.29). Goodell, who won two gold medals at Montreal, had fallen off in 1978, and it was thought he might be through. Not to worry. In the NCAA championships in Cleveland, at which Goodell's school (UCLA) finished a distant fifth to California in the team competition, he won three events and set two American records.

The U.S. women, or, rather, little women, erased memories of the dismal performance by American females at the Montreal Olympics by having the year's best times in nine of 13 events. Meagher, a 14-year-old from Louisville, twice broke the 200-meter butterfly world record, first in the Pan-Am Games and then at the AAU Long Course Championships in Fort Lauderdale with a time of 2:07.01. Meagher, who carries around a stuffed frog named Bubbles, has her own apt nickname of "Fishy." Two other teeny-bobbers set records: Cynthia Woodhead, 15, in the 200-meter freestyle (1:58.43), and Kim Linehan, 16, in the 1,500 (16:04.49). Caulkins, the versatile 16-year-old from Nashville, couldn't upstage her Sullivan Award-winning year of 1978, but she did win four Pan-Am gold medals and inspired USC swim coach Peter Daland to gush, "She's probably the greatest swimmer in the world today, male or female." P.S. She also got her braces off. ■



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step ahead. Listen:
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western look, right
down to the boots.
And Dingo® knows
all about the West."
Like O.J. Simpson,
we mean what we say,
and what we say is:
Nobody Puts Leather
Together Like Dingo.

dingo®



Seven out of ten of us are appallingly under insured.

Nationwide Life presents seven ways to correct the situation.

Today, the average family has about half the life insurance it needs. There are plenty of reasons. Inflation is one. A new baby can be one, too. And so can a working wife.

Here are six common financial problems that the Nationwide Life Insurance Company has been able to help solve. The names and cases are fictitious. But the problems are typical. And you may find your problem in one of them. If not, look at number seven, fill in the coupon and we'll tell you what you need to know, free.

1. Does the working wife need life insurance?

Mr. & Mrs. John Deacon
Elyria, OH

John is 41 and makes \$29,500 as the owner of an auto driving school. His 38-year-old wife, Nancy, makes \$11,750 as an executive secretary. She started working a year ago. They have two children—David, 14, and Barbara, 12. And two cars. Their house is worth \$72,500, and it has a \$32,000 mortgage at 8½%.

John has a \$50,000 whole-life Nationwide Insurance policy, and two \$5,000 Treas-

ury notes in the names of each of the children.

The family became very quickly dependent on Nancy's \$200 a week. In fact, they use it to pay for food, clothes and utilities. How will they continue to live as they want to, if Nancy dies?

Solution: John can guarantee the security of his family immediately with Nationwide Life Insurance's Additional Insured Rider. Under his present policy, he can purchase an additional \$50,000 of decreasing-term insurance on Nancy to cover his family adequately at a much lower cost than a separate policy. This addition can be converted to whole life at any time.

2. Who'll pay the mortgage?

Mr. & Mrs. Calvin P. Lockwood
Cicero, NY

Cal is 27; Betty is 26. Cal's dad gave him enough money to put a down payment on a \$150,000 dairy farm and house near Cicero, N.Y. Betty's pregnant; they were married a year ago. But they're both working to make the farm work.

Cal has plans to expend

the farm. And with his energy, he'll carry them out. He's got a \$100,000 25-year mortgage on the farm at 9½%. Currently, the farm is yielding him \$18,000 a year. He's got a \$50,000 whole-life insurance policy. The farm is all the Lockwoods have. What happens if Cal dies? Who will pay the mortgage?

Solution: "Mortgage Protector" decreasing-term policy from Nationwide Life Insurance will guarantee the security of Cal's family immediately by paying the mortgage if Cal dies. And since insurance is a fixed contract, as is a mortgage, inflation is no factor.

And because Nationwide's rates have been lowered for policies over \$25,000, all it will cost him at age 27 is \$273 a year to cover a \$100,000 mortgage.

3. How to give your kids an estate before you die.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles J. Mathews
Fayetteville, NC

Chuck is a computer programmer. He makes \$25,000 a year. Their house is nearly paid for. Their life insurance is adequate. It will take most

of their savings to put their 16-year-old son, Stephen, through college.

The question is, what's the best way to start their son out with his own estate, one that will build and keep working for him all his life?

Solution: The answer is Nationwide Life Insurance's Young Adult Estate Plan. (Convertible-term life to age 25, issue ages 15-22 inclusive.) The premiums are so low that young Stephen Mathews himself can pay them...and he should be able to, all through college.

When he's 25 and perhaps starting his own family, he'll be willing and able to deal with the higher rates that give him whole life coverage and build cash value.

4. You can't afford an estate but you still need coverage.

Mr. & Mrs. Theodore H. Rabuck
Memphis, TN

Ted Rabuck owns a new, but growing, hardware store. The growth is nice but it results in cash-flow problems. And, essentially, the hardware store is a one-man show. Without Ted to run it, his business would be out of business overnight.

Ted needs to insure the future of his business and his family, but with his cash-flow problems, he hasn't a lot of money with which to do it.

Solution: Nationwide Life Insurance's Yearly Renewable Term policy. He got \$100,000 worth of coverage quickly and for less than he thought. It's got a guaranteed conversion privilege. So as the business becomes more established, he can convert

his policy to permanent insurance.

5. Two executives, two kids, two-digit inflation—all in the family.

Mr. & Mrs. Seymour Waldman
Rockville, MD

Sy Waldman works for one of the nation's major corporations. He's an up-and-coming executive. So's his wife. And they have two young children. They both plan to work and raise children at the same time. That's their way of fighting inflation. They're young—30 and 29. They each depend on both their incomes. What sort of insurance should they have?

Solution: Nationwide's Family Plan Life Insurance. By placing a \$10,000 base of whole life on Sy, the Waldmans can now build a family plan that will provide plenty of coverage at economical prices.

In addition to the \$10,000 base, Sy and Sandy can each add \$40,000 of decreasing-term coverage for themselves. They can also add \$1,000 more of coverage for each child. This total package can provide almost \$100,000 of coverage, properly allocated as their needs dictate.

6. How Nationwide can do better than most savings with a tax-deferred plan.

Mr. & Mrs. Louis Redmond
Hamden, CT

Lou sells insulation for a nationally known company. He makes an average amount for an insulation salesman—\$35,000. He's fifty years old.

The kids are out of college. He's thinking of retiring in a few years. With the financial drains of college gone, Lou's looking for a place to put his money where it will build for retirement.

Solution: Lou need look no further than his insurance company: Nationwide. Nationwide's Non-Qualified Annuity Plan is a tax-deferred plan that will let him put aside as much money as he wants, as long as he wants, without paying income tax on the interest that accumulates until he starts receiving benefits.

7. How much insurance should you have?

The biggest reason most people aren't properly insured is that they're not sure what kinds of protection they need. They're not sure where to find it. And they simply don't know how much they ought to have.

Solution: Just fill in the coupon below and we'll tell you how you can get the specific coverage you need for the price that you can afford.



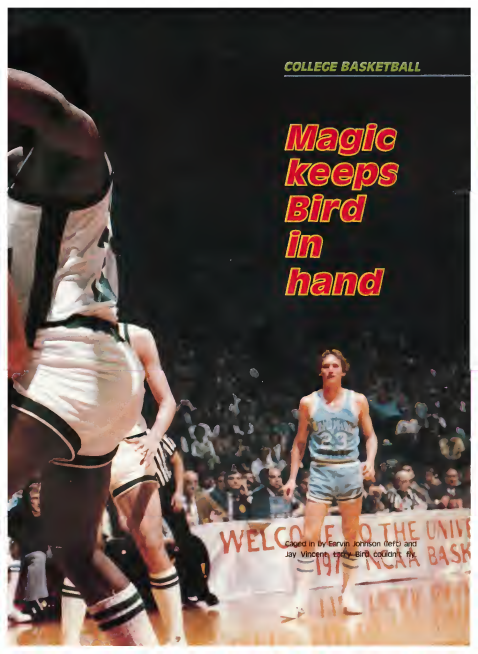
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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

***Magic
keeps
Bird
in
hand***

Caged in by Ervin Johnson (left) and Jay Vincent, today Bird couldn't fly.

As Brigham Young said when he first set eyes on the site, "This is the place." Indeed, Salt Lake City was the place last March for the showdown in the NCAA final between Bird State and Magic State, that is to say, Indiana State and Michigan State. Larry Bird and Earvin Johnson were the two best players in the country, and stars of their magnitude have rarely met in the championship game. After the final buzzer sounded, Michigan State rejoiced over its 75-64 triumph, while Bird—held to 19 points by a defense zone he couldn't break—sat on the bench, sobbing into a towel. "Get your head up," said his teammate Alex Gilbert. "We don't want people to think we aren't winners." There was no danger of that.



Bird has the ball, but Johnson had the better night of it, with 24 points and a national title.

"And for my next trick"—Magic, joined by Terry Dornelly, is aglow over his 13 assists and an 80-68 victory over Notre Dame in the Midwest final.





Robert dunks over Scott Hastings as Indiana State ends Arkansas' title hopes with a 75-71 win over the Razorbacks in the Midwest regional.

A SURPRISE PARTY IN SALT LAKE

The joy of Sycs: Indiana State's Gilbert after the defeat of Arkansas



It was a year in which an improbable Three made up 75% of the final four, headline writers were up to their avianes in wordplay, and the locals from the ACC got smoked down on Tobacco Road. Pennsylvania became the first Ivy League team since Princeton in 1965 to reach the NCAA Final Four, along the way proving it was mightier than No. 3-ranked North Carolina. In the second round of the NCAAs, played in Raleigh no less, the Quakers upset the Tar Heels, and a few hours later St. John's—the last team selected to the tournament's 40-team field—stuffed the ACC myth again with a win over No. 6 Duke. Penn was so lightly regarded that vendors were selling Penn State buttons at the East regional, which the Quakers won by beating St. John's. Meanwhile, a grand old man, Ray Meyer, 65, was leading his almost benchless DePaul team through the West. "I feel like I've been born again," said Meyer after the Demons stunned UCLA, a team they had lost to by 23 points earlier in the season. It was Meyer's first trip to the final four since 1943, his first year as DePaul coach.

Going into the NCAAs, Indiana State was ranked No. 1 because of its unbeaten record, but not that many people believed the Sycamores—Bird and all—were for real until they disposed of Oklahoma and Arkansas in the Midwest regional. They then beat DePaul 76–74 in the semifinal. Michigan State, the one team that seemed to belong, defeated stage-frightened Penn 101–67. In the other semifinal as Magic Johnson scored 29. Two nights later, the Spartans left no doubt as to who was No. 1. The national championship was not the only title Bird lost at the last moment. He finished second for the college scoring title when a 6' 3" guard from Idaho State named Lawrence Butler grabbed the scoring lead at midseason and finished with a 30.1-point average, edging out Bird's 28.6. Johnson was the class of an exceptional sophomore class, but he decided to forgo his final two seasons at Michigan State for the bright lights of L.A. and the NBA. The most inspiring performance of the year came from the University of Evansville, which finished 15–16 a year after its entire basketball team and Coach Bobby Watson died in a plane crash. ■

OLD VOLVOS NEVER DIE. THEY PASS ON.

When it comes to cars, the good don't die young. And Volvos are so well-made they seem to go on forever. (The current life expectancy of a Volvo is now up to 17.9 years in Sweden.)

Witness the case of William Moser, a broadcast engineer. Over the years he's bought five Volvos and they're all still in the family. You see, instead of trading in his old Volvo every time he wants a new one, he passes it on to a member of his family.

Because he believes his family is better off in a used Volvo than in any new car.

According to Mr. Moser, "Every time I get a new Volvo, my family is as excited about it as I am. After all, they know someday it'll be theirs."

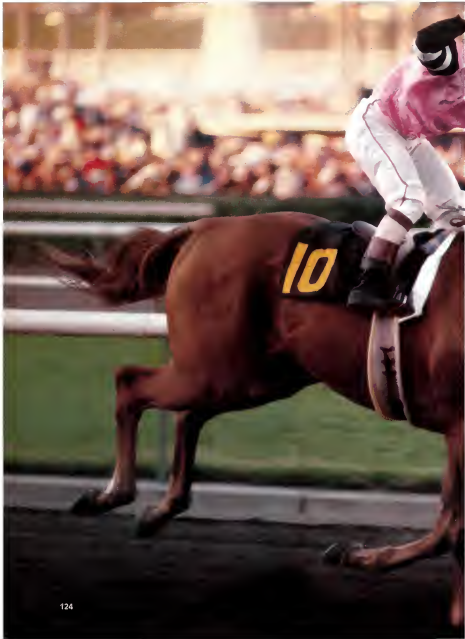
So if you're tired of buying cars you run into the ground in no time, do as Mr. Moser did. Buy a car that could run in the family for years.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.



Bill Moser with his new Volvo. And his family with his old ones.





HORSE RACING

**Nary
a neigh
as to
the high
horse**

Affirmed, Laffit Pincay Jr., and his owner were the first thoroughbred to win \$2 million.

Only an act of God can beat my horse," said Trainer Bud Delp. But then Spectacular Bid lost to Coastal in the Belmont to ruin his run for the Triple Crown, and although Delp stopped short of blaming a higher power for Bid's defeat, he did point out that his horse had stepped on a safety pin on race morning. Still, it was clear that Delp had quite a horse. That's why the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont in October was the race of the year: Bid vs. Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown winner. Affirmed held off four challenges by the 3-year-old and won by three-quarters of a length. As Affirmed cooled out, Trainer Laz Barrera looked fondly at his horse and said, "He knows he's a champion."



Delp pinned his tale on a needle in the hoystack



Spectacular Bid really took a bath in the Belmont, when his syndication value dropped from \$20 million to \$12 million in less than 20 minutes



It was easy to stomach Davona Dale's sweep of the filly triple crown.



Here's mud in your eye, Laffit, for winning a record \$8 million in 1979.



The troubled Ron Franklin (above) ultimately handed bid to the veteran Bai Shoenmaker (left).



Steve Caution's image was soiled when his losing streak mounted to 110 races, but then he took off for England and put on a jolly good show.

GOLF

Fuzzy:

Wuz he ever a master!

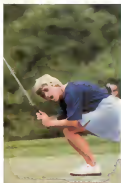


Fuzzy Zoeller was given a sudden lift after sinking Ed Sneed and Tom Watson.

With three holes to play in the Masters, Ed Sneed had a three-stroke lead over Tom Watson and Fuzzy Zoeller, plus an appointment with Augusta National's tailor. But Sneed bogeyed 16 and 17, and a chip shot left him with a six-foot putt for par on the 18th hole and his first major title. He stroked the ball, and, well, for Sneed it will always be hanging there on the lip. That set up the first sudden-death playoff in Masters history. On the second extra hole, Zoeller rolled in a birdie putt, and the green jacket was his. "It was like a children's birthday party," Sneed reflected after it was all over. "The presents were there, the cake was on the table, and I made a wish. Only I forgot to blow out the candles."



Severiano Ballesteros of Spain proved that he was a diamond in the rough at the British Open



It was hip, hip, hooray for Jeryllyn Britz, who won her first tournament, the Open.



Hale Irwin's balancing act included his second U.S. Open victory, a near miss in the British Open and a new set of braces

WATSON'S CROWNING ACHIEVEMENTS

All Tom Watson did in 1979 was win five tournaments, finish second in four others and collect—all for the third straight time—the PGA Player of the Year award, the Vardon Trophy for low stroke average and the money-winning title. His earnings of \$462,636 broke his own annual record. He also became a father. “I’m ready to hand the crown over to him,” said former king Arnold Palmer, “and it looks like Jack is, too.” Although Nicklaus did not officially abdicate, he did finish 71st on the money list, the first time in his 18 years on the tour that he came in worse than fourth. There was one thing that Watson didn’t do—win a major tournament. He had his chance in the Masters playoff, and he was within striking distance in the British Open, but he finished tied for 12th in the PGA and missed the cut altogether at the U.S. Open.

That was the Open that immortalized Hale Irwin’s orthodonture and Lon Hinkle’s tree. As to the tree, Hinkle discovered a shortcut to the 8th green at the Inverness course in Toledo, Ohio and in the opening round drove down the adjacent 17th fairway, saving himself 75 yards on the par-5 hole. He easily birdied the hole, and early the next morning USGA officials planted a scraggly Black Hills spruce that Hinkle, a co-leader after the first round, simply went around for another birdie. After that, though, his game went tim-berrrrr. Meanwhile, Irwin, flashing his tin grin, played so well that he could afford to double bogey and bogey the last two holes and still win his second Open by two strokes. Irwin also led the British Open going into the final round, but he was overtaken by Severiano Ballesteros, who shot a wild 70, hitting only one fairway off the tee. In the PGA, David Graham’s double bogey on the 72nd hole forced him into a playoff with Ben Crenshaw, but Graham’s birdie putt on the third extra hole gave him back the tournament. Larry Nelson, the No. 2 money winner, shed his anonymity by leading the U.S. Ryder Cup team to victory. Nancy Lopez was even better than she was in 1976, winning eight tournaments and \$197,488. And Jerilyn Britz, a 36-year-old former schoolteacher, got her first tour victory in the Women’s Open. ■

Lon Hinkle changed the name of the tournament to the Arbor Day Open.



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John W. Bowers, Jr.

—John Bowers, Jr.
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GALLERY

***From
sea
to
shining
sea***



Christie Brinkley, decked out in a suit by Cortez, explores the British Virgin.



Aboard a cutter, Christie shows her stripes in a Lycra leotard by Head Ski and Sportswear.

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Nikon: Official 35mm Camera, 1960 Summer Olympic Games

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After the Costamer Albatross flew the English Channel, its engine, Bryan Allen (below, left), was agog over his historic feat.

Boysdoin's Joan Benoit rests under her laurels after finishing the Boston Marathon in 2:35:15, a U.S. mark for women.





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Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

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white rum & soda

A full-page photograph of a soccer player in a dark blue jersey with white accents, celebrating a goal. He has his arms raised in the air and a wide, open-mouthed shout. The jersey features a red maple leaf on the sleeve and the word "Vancouver" across the chest. The background is a blurred stadium filled with spectators.

Tracy's Whelan's had something to shout about after his team beat the Cosmos and Tampa Bay for the NASL title.



The police had Bill Rodgers under protective custody as he copped a third Boston Marathon.

winner Tenacious fought through the terrifying sea that claimed 15 lives in the Fastnet Race.



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TV built with the state of the art touch. 25" diagonal Color Console with Compu-Matic™ II Remote Control Touch Tuning.*

* Simulated TV Picture

Quasar Company, Franklin Pk., Minn. 55131.

A full-page photograph of a man in a black wetsuit and scuba gear playing a violin underwater. He is holding a music stand with sheet music. Bubbles are rising from his mask. The background is a clear blue pool of water.

Mark Gottlieb pooled his talents to play Handel's "Water Music," bowing to no one in making a Guinness mark.

PONTIAC'S 1980 FIREBIRD



A BEAUTIFUL LESSON IN ECONOMICS

Some things aren't taught in classrooms. You have to learn them on the street.

You can learn a lot, for instance, behind the wheel of America's street sensation, the Pontiac Firebird.

20 **27** **416** **561**
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You can also learn how little it costs to truly enjoy driving again. The manufacturer's suggested retail price for the '80 Firebird including dealer preparation is just... **\$6,132**

INCLUDES
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